

The Tar Heel

SERVING CIVILIAN AND MILITARY STUDENTS AT UNC

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ONE MAN'S HONOR . . .

The fifteen sat in the freshly painted room, and against a background of beating rain and wind, they held one of the most important meetings to come out of this war-torn year at Carolina.

The president of the University was in from the nation's capital for only a few hours. The problem was such that no one man could ever find a solution. The decision of this fifteen could alter the entire future of the University. An hour went by. No definite answer came. Before another hour had come and gone, the vital, tired man behind the president's desk had rushed out to catch his train.

They would meet again, next Saturday morning. Then they would find the answer.

And outside that freshly painted room, where the majority of the people upon whom that answer depended, who would have to live by the decision made by the fifteen. And some of that majority never realized that the problem existed. Part of those who did realize the problem did not care what the answer would be. What difference did it make to them, they thought, whether the fifteen decided to freeze the honor system at Carolina for the duration, or let the honor system go on, perhaps modified, perhaps changed, or perhaps just as it was.

Students who are living at Chapel Hill now have never known anything but the honor system on the Hill. It has become an integral part of our lives here, something so integrated into our way of life at Carolina we can not imagine ourselves without it.

But somehow and somewhere along the road of mobilization for war we have let some of the stronger ties of our "way of life" slip from our fingers. We have failed to realize how precious our honor system is, until now when its very foundations are threatened. We may have to pay for our carelessness by having our honor system "stored on ice" for the duration. We may soon find ourselves under the old proctor system of government, in payment for our failure.

We will know the answer after next Saturday. The fifteen will weigh our case, and decide.

"EQUAL RIGHTS?" . . .

Included in the reaches of the honor system at Carolina are the social regulations enforced upon coeds living in the women's dormitories and the sorority houses.

A coed who breaks any of these social regulations is supposedly bound by the woman's honor council to a promise of reporting herself, or being reported by another student. If the coed does not report herself, the penalty she receives, whether from the house council or the woman's honor council, is administered with the admonition that she has broken the campus honor code, and punishment is accorded her on those grounds, to a greater degree for greater offenses, to a lesser degree for lesser penalties.

And yet, through the pages of the TAR HEEL and the MAG, through the pleas of student leaders, through the challenges made by members of the faculty, coeds are being asked to step in and take hold onto the reins of the work that must be done, to share equally with the "Carolina gentlemen" in guiding the University through its present period of emergency, to come into their own. No provisions have been made, however, to give them the same amount of time the men have to do these jobs. Dormitory closing hours remain the same.

And yet, any coed who overstays the regular closing hours, with these few exceptions, has violated the honor system.

Certainly, lying, cheating, and stealing are to be a matter of personal honor, to be counted as honor council cases. But social regulations can hardly be classed in the same category. Since apparently nothing can, or will, be done for the present about an equalization of social rules—in fact many of the coeds themselves are shocked at the idea of equalization—violations of social regulations should be taken from the scope of the honor council; they can not be included within the honor code. Penalties, punishments should be administered after cases have been tried by the house council, without any mention of the honor code, or an infringement of this code.

There is a wide gulf between a student who will not report herself or another student for lying, cheating or stealing, and the student who will not report herself for overstaying or overstepping social regulations.

Six Lessons Defying Emily Post's Volume

Take Women From Kitchens, Into Offices

Cherries Rescued From Glasses

If, by some fluke of chance, you should happen to be on the receiving end of one or more cocktails at a Carolina party, you should prepare yourself beforehand for any contingencies that may arise during the course of consuming said cocktail (or 'tails'). Of course this article will be worth nothing at all to the majority of you who, unfortunate souls, never get any further than cider, wine, or beer!

Emily Post, if you've read her noteworthy work, has given you the main pointers on party etiquette . . . but what I am about to say is one of those things that worry people like "what to do when you pop a run?" or "how to keep the peas on your knife?" or "how to keep the coffee spoon out of your eye when you're drinking without removing said spoon?" Those problems and many others never reach the public answered in full. I intend to make a start.

After perusing the aforementioned work carefully, you will know better than to turn your glass 'bottoms up' immediately upon receiving it from your host; you will know better than to crunch the ice loudly if in polite company; you will have learned many things, but not how to get the cherry out of the bottom of the glass. There are several ways you can accomplish just this. First: If your host or hostess is a thoughtful soul, there will be either a stem attached to the cherry, or a string that hangs over the side of the glass. Then, it's a comparatively simple matter to unobtrusively take hold of either, gently draw the cherry out, and when no one is looking, pop it into your mouth. But suppose string or stem breaks . . . or suppose you weren't supplied with either . . .

Then, you must try another tack.

Take your muddler (if they should be foolish enough to leave such things lying around for collectors) and gently poke around in the ice and orange peel in an attempt to spear the elusive morsel. You shall doubtless succeed only in burying the fruit under the ice in a most inaccessible place. Besides, the cherry will be just about as easy to anchor and pierce as a ping-pong ball would be. (I know, who ever heard of ping-pong balls in Old Fashioned? Brother, you don't know Chapel Hill!) Don't be downhearted. Try again.

If you can get in a corner that's fairly well sheltered, or if you can hold your napkin in front of the glass in such a manner that no one can see what you're doing, try using your index and fore fingers in an effort to dig the cherry out from under the ice. This method is not one of the best I've found. You'll probably end up with ice, orange, and cherry in a puddle in your lap. You'll also find that you'll need your thumb to assist you, and there's not room in the glass for that.

Now we get slightly provoked. We don't care much one way or the other what happens to the glass; so let's get that muddler back and carefully punch a small hole in the bottom of the glass, just large enough for the cherry to slip through. Doctors won't approve of this because of the possibility of eating fragments of the glass along with the cherry.

So there you are . . . nothing accomplished . . . nothing gained. Still want the cherry? O, K. Take the glass in your right hand (left, if you're left-handed) and throw it forcefully upon the nearest table, wall or person. You'll find that you'll have no more worries about ice or fruit. Crawl under the piano, pick up your cherry, and enjoy it. This never fails to work.—A. H.

Art Teacher Approves Springtime Angels

By Nancy Smith

It is spring; the sun is shining, and birds sing. An art student comes enthusiastically out of Dr. Sommer's survey course in the history of painting. "Look what I did in class today," he says.

There, on the margin of his more somber notes are two impertinent bare-backed cherubs,—their wings folded—resting on their elbows on fleecy clouds. "I showed 'em to Dr. Sommer."

"What did he say?"

"He just laughed."

It isn't only because he understands about springtime cherubs that Dr. Clemens Sommer, art professor, is rated at the top of the popularity list by students who've been in his classes. The tall, spare, graying professor of the history of art from Germany, is also the type of teacher who will let his classes go early the morning after vacation because he knows most of the students have been traveling all night.

A visiting professor when he first came here, Dr. Sommer rated a permanent professorship within a year. Born in Baden, Germany, he took his degree at the University of Freiburg. He has traveled over most of Europe—France, England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Scandinavia are among the countries he's visited. And he knows the practical side of art history, too, for he spent four years as assistant librarian in one of the famous libraries in Rome and was curator of the museum at Freiburg. He also did research in medieval art. These scholarships were wonderful, he explains, because you could study as you pleased, where you pleased, and you didn't even have to write a book.

Before coming to America, Dr. Sommer was a professor at the University of Greifswald. Then he spent a year in Sweden. He has been in the United States since the spring of 1938, and is now waiting for his second citizenship papers.

Dr. Sommer teaches 24 hours of courses here, including a survey course in the history of painting; a graduate seminar, which boasts 6 interested graduate students; a course in Northern painting (mostly Flemish); and a course in German conversation for the ASTP's. Incidentally, Dr. Sommer has failed only about five students since he came. Reason: you can't grade art knowledge. It is not the type of course in which facts are graded with an A or an F. If students show sufficient interest, he says, he feels they get something out of the course.

One of Dr. Sommer's favorite courses is his German conversation class with the ASTP men. He thinks they are coming along fine. And the



ASTP's like him too. . . . They talk about everything from food to politics, and solve cross word puzzles in that class.

Dr. Sommer has three children. There is Maria, whom a great many students already know, because she is a junior at the University and is at present majoring in history. There are his two sons, aged 9 and 14. The older, Sebastian, is now at school in the North. He made his campus debut by playing Oberon in the Playmaker production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" last spring.

The Sommers live on Strowd Hill on the Durham road, and the household includes, two cocker spaniels, a cat, and chickens. When asked if he had a victory garden, Dr. Sommer looked puzzled, then said, "I've always had one, only they didn't call it that until recently." It is a sort of custom brought over from Germany.

Dr. Sommer likes American students. At first, he knew little English, and students used to have a hard time understanding him. But they would cooperate with him and that made things easier all around. In comparing German and American schools, Dr. Sommer said that students and teachers were much closer in Germany because from the moment students entered a German University, they began work on a specialized subject. There was no

See SOMMER, page 4

Essential Jobs Must Be Filled

By Lee Bronson

"Let's get those women out of the kitchen!" This is the cry that is heard on all sides from people who are concerned about the manpower shortage.

Even though the tradition of our country is that the men do the fighting and the women stay home and weep, modern warfare demands that every able-bodied man and woman help with the tremendous job of production.

In the United States today there is considerable talk of drafting labor, giving every man a number and telling him at which plant he has to work. This may prove necessary, but before it is done men in Washington are tapping every other available source of manpower.

Assuming that women can rivet as well as men can, that they can take over many jobs which men now hold, where are the women to come from? First, there are some girls just out of school who are living at home, perhaps doing a little volunteer work, but generally making no real contribution to the war effort.

Secondly, there are a great many young wives with no families, whose husbands are in the service and who sit around playing bridge and generally behaving like parasites. Some of these stay in their home towns; some make an attempt to follow their husbands around the country, intensifying housing shortages, crowded railroads and living completely selfish lives.

Thirdly, and this is said in soft tones, there are hundreds of thousands of women in colleges and universities. If the manpower shortage becomes acute, and it is near that stage now, why should able-bodied women be allowed to remain in their ivory towers majoring in English, sociology, political science and other subjects which will not increase their ability to contribute to all-out production.

It is true that we will need a reservoir of trained persons after the war. However, it is equally important to meet our production schedules now—so that we can minimize the loss of life and so that we can be assured of victory.

It is incredible that any girl on this campus or any other could feel that she has a right to continue her easy college life, while invasions and battles are being postponed because planes and ships aren't being produced rapidly enough. It is incredible that any woman could be aware of the starvation and suffering in conquered Europe and feel that her education should be completed at the expense of prolonging that suffering.

This Week

Curtains Going Up

Park your halos and pick up hope. There's doins on campus these Autumn nights that promise much these coming weeks. Over on the second floor at the Graham Men there are *Sound and Furious* howlings, shooting of lines, piano laughter and murmurous torch songs. *Jack Ellis* and *Mary Louise Huse* have taffy-colored a bright musical menu that will keep the customers warm for many an eve. The afternoon we dropped in *Joan Kosberg* was giving out with a blonde version of unhappy love. Fetching she was, too. It's a king-size show with a cast of 60. From our point of view we heartily endorse the show for this reason: it's about Carolina.

With the BOSS OF BAR Z put away among the peanut shells the PLAYMAKERS are coming up with the season's second full-length production with WATCH ON THE

RHINE. And here is a curious thing: almost every other person carried a text on the play to the try-outs. Held at 4:00 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. on Monday last the turnout was encouraging. Boosted by Broadway, colossaled by Hollywood and recognized as the most significant play to come out of the war it promises exciting theatre when it hits the Playmakers' boards on December 1, 2, 3. The fact that Lillian Hellmuth, who wrote the play, has a movie, THE NORTH STAR box office New York is interesting. *Sam Selden* directs the WATCH ON THE RHINE; Foster Fitz-Simons will design same.

Mark up November 20th for the grand *Beauty Ball*. On that eve eight lovelies will be combed from the campus to represent Carolina's harvest crop for the coming year. It'll be interesting to see the prophecies uttered by the wiseacres as to their choice eight. Being human we intend to predict our eight in the next edition of CURTAINS GOING UP.

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